Backslides and Breakthroughs

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Backslides and Breakthroughs

by raiast

Summary

Hannibal is more than happy to keep Will's mind and body occupied so he can get some consistent sleep. They run into a slight problem when Will is pulled out-of-state for an extended amount of time on a case. How in the world will they be able to gap the distance between their bodies? Spontaneous phone sex, of course.

Notes

I am a woman possessed. These idiots won't leave me alone. This whole thing started with a crazy, cracky joke fic and somehow evolved into this nonsense of feels. Enjoy, lovelies.

In the months following that fateful therapy session, Will and Hannibal fell into a routine of sorts. Within the first two weeks they had slipped into an unofficial schedule of meeting at one of their houses; Hannibal had advocated that while what they were doing was therapeutic for Will in nature, it would be more appropriate to keep further research separate from Will's weekly therapy sessions and out of Hannibal's office. By the third week they had dropped all pretenses of the 'experiment' and did not discuss what took place the evenings that they met each other.

What took place the evenings they met each other...varied greatly. Sometimes it was as quick and simple as that first act of fellatio. Sometimes it consisted of Will being systematically driven mindless and boneless via orgasm as Hannibal took him again and again throughout the night. There were only two things that remained consistent overall:

1) While Will was more than welcome to stay the night in his bed when they met in Baltimore, Hannibal never stayed over the nights he drove out to Wolf Trap.

And 2) Hannibal never kissed him.

It was a detail Will hadn't even noticed until the first time they'd had sex. Kissing was a natural precursor to the act--or so it had seemed to Will in the past--but Will was always happy to let Hannibal lead and follow along blindly. Apart from that first night when Hannibal's tongue and teeth had brushed along his collarbone, he never got close to kissing Will. He was more than adept at using his mouth for other acts, Will knew. He gave the most outstanding fellatio Will had ever experienced (not that there was an excessive amount of experiences to compare him to). When it came to blow jobs, Hannibal put forth every effort and enthusiasm to complete the task to perfection, just like everything else he did. There was also the time that he had trussed up Will and laid him out defenseless over the arm of his sofa, crouching behind him and teasing at his hole with his tongue until Will was a trembling, leaking wreck sobbing for release.

Beyond those acts, Hannibal's mouth did not meet Will's skin. It was to the point where, unlike the everyday man that might fantasize about three-ways and costumes, Will fantasized about Hannibal's lips brushing across his stomach, chest, neck, lips. He wondered at what that clever tongue might feel like battling against his own, breathing in Hannibal's air as he gasped into Will's mouth. Will did not broach the subject in conversation, nor was he brave enough to take the reins and close the distance between their mouths himself. He felt that Hannibal had made it quite clear the areas in which he was comfortable (which were...extensive) and kissing did not seem to be included on that list. The last thing Will wanted to do was make Hannibal uncomfortable. After all, he was sleeping better than he had in years.

Unlike in the beginning, where Will would only fall into a deep and peaceful sleep directly after meeting with Hannibal, he was starting to find that his level of contentment was so consistent that he could get decent, nightmare-less sleep as long as he was able to see Hannibal once or twice a week. That number seemed to fluctuate in direct correlation to whether or not Will was working for Jack. During his monotonous stints of lectures and grading papers, Will saw Hannibal once or twice a week. When he found himself on a special

case, however, being consumed by murders and motives, Will also seemed to find himself on Hannibal's doorstep on a near-nightly basis, begging for him to consume him in turn.

Hannibal never had to ask what had brought Will to him, and he never turned him away.

So it was that they fell into this pattern, sacred and secret to them, not to be disturbed by any outside force. ...Until Will was pulled out of state for a case.

The first few nights passed as normal. Will didn't notice that he was only getting a handful of hours of rest every night because he was deliberately staying up late and rising early to take in every detail of the case from every angle he could imagine. After the third day of running on only four hours of sleep, he began to feel the effects. His synapses seemed to fire more slowly, sometimes causing him to stare at someone for a solid minute before being able to string together what might pass for a coherent response.

His nightmares returned with a vengeance on day five.

At day seven, his motor functions began to suffer noticeably; Will would stumble over his own feet on even ground, fumbled with pens and spilled more than a few cups of much needed coffee. On two occasions, Will showed up for interviews with his shirt buttons done up unevenly.

By day thirteen, Will was so desperate for peaceful sleep he could weep. He was stretched out on his lumpy motel mattress, contemplating how likely it was that he could convince Hannibal to fly out to him--calculating last minute plane fare in his head against the modest number attached to his savings account--when his phone lit up with Hannibal's name. In any other instance, when he wasn't half-mad with sleep deprivation, Will would have considered this a coincidence. In this moment, it felt like fate.

"I need you," he informed Hannibal in lieu of a true greeting.

He could almost hear Hannibal's amusement in his silence, though when he spoke his voice was as gentle and even as always. "I find I am growing quite despondent in your absence as well," he admitted.

"I haven't slept in days. The nightmares are back, worse than ever."

A small, displeased sound slipped through the receiver before Hannibal cleared his throat and spoke again. "Have you tried masturbating?" He had slipped into his therapy voice. Will despised that voice outside of Hannibal's office, where it belonged.

Will gave a frustrated groan, rubbing his free hand over his face gruffly. "Of course I have. But it's not just about the release," he paused for a moment, unsure if it was wise to reveal the full extent of his dependence. "I need *you* ," he reiterated. It was likely Hannibal knew it already, clever as he was; what was the harm in admitting it?

"You have me now, Will," was his reply, and his tone had slipped from 'therapy session' to 'you're about to get fucked six ways from Sunday'. Will's cock responded instantly.

The effect of the mere suggestion was immediate, Will's breaths coming heavier as he struggled out of his boxers with one hand, kicking them off the foot of the bed as soon as he was free of them. "I suppose I do," he acknowledged, wrapping a hand around his cock to stroke languidly. "I would greatly prefer your physical presence, but your voice will do just fine--you have an exceptionally sexy voice."

Hannibal chuckled softly at the compliment. "Tell me, Will: what would you have me do were I there with you?

Kiss me.

Will ignored the invasive thought. "I'd put that outstanding cock of yours to good use," he informed him, his hand speeding up at the thought of all that that entailed. "Suck you down and then ride you until I crumble."

Was that a moan on the other end of the line? "What else?" his tone was gruff and short. Will thought he heard fabric rustling in the background. He swallowed thickly over the lump that had suddenly lodged in his throat.

Will considered the question for a moment. "Sometimes I think about the way you tied me up...I wouldn't deny you if you wanted to do that again."

"Do you want that again, Will?" Hannibal's voice hitched on his name. Will knew with no uncertainty that the other man could very well be mirroring Will's own actions.

"*Yes*," Will moaned. "I want everything you'll give me," the words left on a shuddering breath, but he was sure Hannibal heard him.

"Tell me more."

"No," Will denied. "You. Tell me what you would do if you were here."

A moment of silence but for the slick sounds on either end of the line. "Are you sure you want to know?"

"Yes," he answered instantly. "You're here, next to me. You can do anything. Tell me," it was meant to be a command, came out as a plea, as all things did concerning Hannibal.

"Anything…" Hannibal echoed with a breath. Will closed his eyes. "I lay next to you, watching as you pleasure yourself. Despite all that I want to do I must simply watch you for a moment. You are... *achingly* beautiful, Will."

Will made a noise that may have been a scoff.

"You are," Hannibal assured him. "I have seen a great deal of beauty in this world, Will. Nothing compares to you. When I can no longer resist the temptation to touch you, I reach up to push away the sweat-dampened curls across your forehead, out of your eyes. Your lovely, blue eyes, that can be hard and defensive or soft and loving, that can morph from pure righteousness to wild wickedness in the span of a breath. I twist a finger around a curl, testing

the length. You seem to be always just on the cusp of desperately needing a trim, but secretly I adore your unruly mop of curls.

My hand moves down your cheek, brushing along that ever-present stubble. I wonder if you might let me give you a proper shave some day. I think it would be quite erotic, to take a straight razor to that delicious neck of yours."

Will could almost feel the sensation of a cool blade in Hannibal's confident hand, running along his skin, his other warm hand holding his head steady. He whimpered, the rhythm of his hand faltering as his heart began to pound harder than it ever had in his life. The things he was saying...this was not the picture Will had imagined Hannibal painting when he had put forth his request...

It was so much better.

"You say I can do anything to you, and you don't know how stringently I will hold you to those words. You couldn't. To give me free reign over the body and soul that enthralls me so completely...I do hope you won't grow to regret the decision…"

A low whine escapes Will's throat, his hand spasming tighter around his flesh. If Hannibal hears it, he doesn't comment on it, only continues bewitching Will with his smooth tone and deliberate words. It seems unfair that as he speaks his voice grows calm and assured. Will isn't sure he could squeak out one coherent word at the moment.

"I close the distance between us, allow my lips to meet the glorious softness of your mouth as I have longed to do so countless times before. Your lips are parted with your panting breaths, allowing my tongue full access to the warmth within you. Your tongue is velvet, Will, and you taste just as delicious as I knew you would."

"*Fuck,*" he gasped, jerking his cock frantically. "You never...I didn't think you…"

He can't seem to find a proper sentence for the sentiment, but it seemed, as always, Hannibal knew exactly what he was trying to express. "I thought that kissing might have been too intimate an act for what it was we were doing. I didn't want to presume…" for the first time Will could remember, Hannibal abandoned a half-finished sentence and started again. "I assumed that if you had desired it, you might have initiated on your own terms. Had I known you were amenable--"

"Yes, *Christ,* Hannibal, *yes,*" Will panted as his stomach quivered, balls pulling up tight, *so close* to release. "We are so far beyond some stupid experiment," he finally gave words to what, he knew, they had both been feeling for months. "I want...I want you to. I've *wanted* you to," the words devolve from speech, to a moan, to a whine.

"Then I shall kiss you the next time you are before me."

It was more than a statement. It was a promise. A vow. Will was unsure if he had ever heard Hannibal sound more serious about something in all the time he had known the man. Will's back arched off the bed at the words, his head thrown back against the tacky, threadbare duvet, mouth slack as his cries of pleasure spilled from his throat, just as the evidence of his

pleasure spilled across his stomach and chest. The other end of the phone was silent, intent on capturing every bit of Will's orgasm as much as he could from across half of the country.

"*Hannibal,* " Will panted, squirming with the aftershocks of his release.

"Go to sleep, Will." It was a familiar command, heard many times after Will had come undone under Hannibal's attentive ministrations. "Solve your case. Find your killer. And then come home to me."

"Home," he echoed weakly as his eyelids grew heavy. "Hannibal."

"Yes, Will," he responded, and he wasn't quite sure what it was that Hannibal was affirming, but at that moment it didn't matter in the least. "Sleep."

Will didn't even have the energy to end the call, the phone going limp in his hand when sleep took him to Hannibal's steady, calming breaths.

He woke feeling refreshed and invincible. His elusive killer was caught within 36 hours.

"I'm on the two o'clock flight back to Dulles," he informed Hannibal's voicemail. It was likely he was with a patient, probably would be until after Will had boarded his flight. "I'm keeping the dogs at the kennel for an extra night. I should be there by 7:30." He liked to think that he would have sounded just as demanding and in control had Hannibal actually answered the call. He was glad that he would never need to know. More glad still that Hannibal would do whatever he needed to in order to accommodate Will.

He always did.

Against all odds, Will's plane actually departed *and* landed on time and he was lucky enough not to hit any unusually heavy traffic on the way in to Baltimore.

It was 7:13 when the airport taxi dropped him before the stately property of one Dr. Hannibal Lecter. 7:14 when his fist met the door insistently. Only thirty seconds later, the dark wood was ripped back to reveal the good doctor himself, devastatingly handsome in one of his usual three-piece suits, wearing an unimaginable expression of hunger and longing that left Will breathless.

He was barely over the threshold before the door was slammed shut behind him and he was up against it, his suitcase falling from his grasp in shock. Will found himself pinned between the hard surface of the door and Hannibal's equally hard, lean frame. He could feel every muscle tighten and ripple beneath the thousand-dollar suit. He could feel Hannibal's arousal, pressed insistently against Will's thigh. He was instantly drowning in an intoxicating scent, a combination of a cologne that likely cost as much as his car payment and the natural, heady musk of the man before him. All of it was familiar to Will.

What was *un*familiar, shocking, *heaven-sent,* was the soft, warm mouth pressed against his own. Will gasped at the sensation, felt tears prickling his eyes as he realized that Hannibal was, indeed, a man of his word. Just like he had said, just like in his fantasy, Hannibal took advantage of Will's parted lips and thrust his tongue forward to conquer this last bit of Will that he had never owned. Their tongues slid together, falling into a rhythm that was impossibly familiar, and Will moaned at the feeling, using every ounce of his remaining strength to press forward against Hannibal. He was quite certain he'd have melted to the floor if the other man hadn't been so gracious as to pin Will's weight to the door with his own body.

At some point his hands had reached up to grasp at Hannibal's shoulders like the lifeline they were. At some point they parted mouths to gulp in shuddering breaths, the sole indication that they were still human when they only felt like gods while wrapped against each other. Hannibal's mouth moved to press hot, wet kisses along Will's jawline, down the column of his throat.

"*Hannibal,* " Will keened as the other man sucked insatiably against the pulse point at the base of his neck.

"*Mine,*" Hannibal growled against his skin, possessive and feral. Will arched against him, his hands moving up to fist into soft, sandy hair to keep Hannibal's hungry mouth against the skin that had ached for him for so long.

"Yes, *yes,*" he sobbed, grinding his arousal, aching and trapped within the confines of his jeans, against Hannibal's thigh. In the next moment they had fallen into a desperate rhythm against each other. "Yours," he gasped, "*Mine,* " he echoed.

Another deep growl left Hannibal's throat. His hands mirrored Will's, tangling tightly into his curls and wrenching his head forward with a violent twist to meet his hungry lips once again. Their tongues twisted together and Will cried out into Hannibal's mouth, his body pulsing and writhing against him as his orgasm crested. He knew when the passion of the moment faded that he would be left awkward and uncomfortable with cooling come in his pants, but at that moment it didn't matter. Because at that moment was Hannibal's *tongue* and *body* and *need* and Will reached down to palm roughly at the man's hardness, suddenly entirely aroused and entranced by the thought of making Hannibal come in his precious, tailored trousers.

And he did, not many more moments after Will had. And it wasn't until after they had held each other, panting for breath, and then climbed into the shower together, soaping up each other tenderly as they shared equally tender kisses under steaming water that Will realized just how far beyond some silly experiment they had treaded.

I love you.

He allowed himself only to think it as he stepped into the stream of water, closer to the man next to him, and pressed dripping lips to Hannibal's.

He couldn't be certain, but he was fairly sure he felt the sentiment returned as Hannibal pulled Will closer still.

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